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Connecticut College

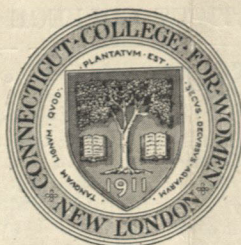
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SOPHOMORE HOP ISSUE

BROADWAY HEADLINERS

The Great White Way has heard of the Sophomore Hop of the college by the sea and has contributed to its entertainment the best acts ever produced on that street. The Palace Theatre of New York is going out of business for a while until they get these talented acts back again. As you will see we have:

CITY OF DREAMS

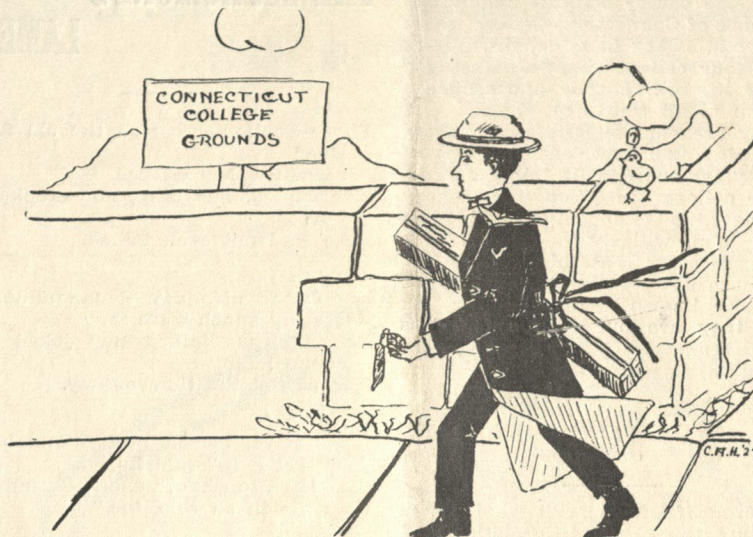
The neatest couple on Broadway have consented to entertain us with song and dance. This gentle youth and this fair maiden have joined their melodious voices and terpsichorean art in a great effort to give us pleasure. The "City of Dreams" is their contribution. You'll think you are in heaven, not in the land of dreams.
B. F. '22.

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

France is with us! The French nation has graciously allowed the Sophomore Class the privilege of being entertained by their favorite performers. This kindness is in recognition of the many services rendered that country by this class. Gentlemen, take a lesson from Pierrot, persistence does it. Girls, let Pierrette show you how she gets him by her coy shyness. Their dainty performance is a lesson to all. With what grace, what delicacy, the duo dance. Tripping the light fantastic is evidently their specialty. Long live France and her subjects if they are all as fascinating as these!

OUR SPANISH SENORITA

The Spanish mantilla, the large comb, the dark eyes, coyly inviting. She has all these and more, our charming senorita. As her tambourine gaily flashes and jingles merrily, she twirls and swirls and her little heels click in a most fascinating manner. The music is intoxicating, the dance dizzying, her charms bewildering, so beware for your hearts, men! She has a reputation around this campus.



"THE OLDER THEY GET THE YOUNGER THEY LIKE 'EM"

A dainty miss in summer attire of organdy and ruffles, and a garden hat drooping over one eye, whilst the other looks out bewitchingly from under the lacy brim; a small foot encased in a tiny slipper, a slender ankle of shiny silk; a nose tilted roguishly, a tiny pink eartip peeping out from under the golden crown of hair—can we wonder that the old gentlemen are attracted? Do they succeed? Look and you shall see!

DON'TS FOR MEN

DON'T come expecting a quiet peaceful time. One never gets it at C. C.

DON'T tell a girl with lovely eyes that the view is lovely. She knows it.

DON'T beg a girl's pardon when you step on her foot. Call an ambulance.

DON'T tell a girl with straight hair that you adore curls. Not if you love life.

DON'T talk about your (?) past. It may make your future look black.

DON'T flirt with the freshman waitresses. We don't want them spoiled.

DON'T drop your gum on the floor. Someone is liable to get stuck on it.

DON'T chimmee. This is no sanitarium.

DON'T tell a rotten dancer that she waltzes divinely.

DON'T tell your partner that you are the original "Jazz baby." She'll find it out soon enough.

M. A. T. '22

Though college days
Have their delights
They can't compare
With college nights.

—Widow.

DO'S FOR MEN

DO send flowers to your lady. It's such a touching little custom.

DO bring your overcoat. It's liable to be cold during intermission.

DO learn all the fire drill rules before entering the gymnasium. You can never tell what will happen.

DO bring some lemon drops. They're such a comfort.

DO bring your Stutz. They always come in handy.

DO bring all your little friends. The more the merrier.

DO admire your partner's dress. It really pays.

DO fraternize with the orchestra. They appreciate it so much.

DO bring your little brothers. We love children.

DO be nice to our friends,—but not too nice.

M. A. T. '22

AMERICAN PUTS ONE OVER

Our soldier boy knows them all. As you will see, the stately English girl, the dusky Spanish senorita, the mincing French miss, the fiery Italian girl, the merry Irish lass, and the lovely desert maiden—all fail to bewitch. Their charms are naught, their wiles less, our sturdy soldier is not moved. But ah! what makes his heart flutter? A vision! A dream in pink and white. Such a one as he has not heretofore encountered—the American girl!

WE HAVE WITH US

PERCY! Girls, please don't flirt with Percy. He's just terribly bashful and really would be horribly put out if you made eyes at him. The least thing makes his heart go flutter, flutter. And don't giggle when he talks. His lisp is the most charming thing about him. The English duchesses and princesses go wild over that lisp. But you mustn't get him fussed. The Vitagraph movie film corporation has lent us this ornament to society. Percy's fair face shines in some of our best movies, though you'd never think it.

MARDI GRAS

Colored lights and joyous laughter
Winsome smiles and eyes that speak
Costumes sweet and clownish garments
Gala days—the Sophs' own week!

Flowing streamers, gay balloons,
Fun and frolic—"stunts" and tea,
In a fair, quaint Japan garden,
Tea for two—just you and me.

Dancing,—stately, slow and measured
Dancing,—light and swift of toe,
Girlish grace and manly carriage
Dreamy music soft and low.

Happy hearts that beat in rhythm,
Violins that thrill me through,
Drifting ever, gliding onward
In our dream world—me and you.

M. P. T. '22

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

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....., '21

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Alumnae Contributor

Allison Hastings

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THIS ISSUE

The News this week is the sole property of the Class of 1922. The Staff didn't go on strike, nor did it run short of news or inspiration. The Sophomores are the ones who are responsible for it all. They have planned, written, and supervised this issue. The Staff congratulates them on the results of their labors and wishes to thank them for a much needed and very pleasant vacation.

TO OUR SOPHOMORE GUESTS

The class of '22 cordially welcomes you!

A stranger? Not if you have been on campus before; no matter how short your visit may have been.

If this your first visit to C. C.—the hill stands high to welcome you and the class of '22 is waiting here to give you a hearty greeting. We are glad to count you among our guests and we hope that the Mardi Gras Carnival, the Hockey game, and the Hop may exceed your highest anticipations.

And to our sister class—the Seniors of 1920 whom we proudly claim our own, we welcome you as only a sister class may be welcomed. Of the many parties we have had together, may this Hop surpass them all in good comradeship, fun and the spirit of our college campus.

TO OUR SISTER CLASS

One of the most wonderful things which college gives to us is the power to appreciate friendships. We have learned and are learning every day here "on the hill" to find the good and fine in our neighbors. To see the spirit beneath the surface and find the real charm within is an "open sesame" to the hearts of those around us. We cannot from day to day come into contact with others without reflecting their influence upon our own lives. College can give to us nothing more inspiring and helpful than association and friendship with our sister class.

As the class of '20 nears the end of its college career we can understand the spirit of Connecticut College which fills them. They have caught, during these four college years a sweet vision of life which they unconsciously pass on to all who meet them.

They are our superiors in class, knowledge, and experience but last of all they are our friends. As the years of our college life go on the memory of what the friendship of '20 has meant to us will always remain.

We are sorry that this is their last year here but we are happy because we have known them, happier because they are our own sister class and just now not less happy because they are with us here in our frolic.

M. A. T. '22

JAZZ

I dunno if they'll print what I say, but, just the same, feller citizens, I think it's high time some protest was made—I mean agin this jazzin' business. Some folks may say I ain't got any right protestin', since I weigh pretty nigh onto three hundred and cain't keep a jazzin' all night the same as some of 'em do, but let me tell them folks that time was when I could jump "salt-vinegar-mustard-pepper" longer'n any o' them there bean-pole variety. But let's get back to jazz.

It ain't a beautiful performance, jazzin' ain't. Have you ever watched a couple folks doin' it, beatin' time with their elbows and clickin' their heels together like a pair of crickets tryin' to play a tune on their wings? An' let me tell you, here's one of the greatest evils of jazz. After they have been doin' it all evenin'—why the shoe leather's all wore off their shoes on the insides and I defy any woman to say she can afford to wear out shoes like that, prices sittin' up on the ridge pole the way they are.

Another thing—jazzin' takes up an awful lot of room. Now, I ain't saying that cause I'm fat—cause I ain't—very—but just the same don't you honestly think it takes up a lot of room? You're waltzin' along dreamy like on the arm of your ninety-five pound man and all of a sudden one of them jazzin' couples shoots out of the mass around you and their elbows goes into your ribs, and click goes their heels onto your new shoes. Well! you grab your ninety-five pound man and smile to keep from howlin' in his ear and then you try to drift again, but the driftin' ain't the same. It can't be the same with lookin' out for elbows and heels till your nerves is all on the ragged edge and ready for a week in Grandma's mendin' basket.

Now, there's nothin' like a waltz for beauty and grace, I say, give me the good old waltz any time. It ain't such hard exercise and if there's anything I hate to see at a dance its folks that don't know when to stop when they're sheddin' water off their foreheads fit to fill a bucket and the feller's collar looks about as pert as a leaf off a left over salad. Them people ain't got no right on a dance floor.

They make everyone else hot just to look at 'em.

Now I hope no one ain't took offence at what I've said. A chair would be all right, but a fence! Aw, that ain't no joke, but this is my own honest private opinion, if anyone should ask me, and I say this, youghta cut out the jazz, just ask yourself this solemn question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and apply it to us fat sisters.

Yours t'll Niagara Falls,

Jess'e Dingbat

P. S. Dont dare to say it reduces. It doesn't. I've tried it.

J. D.

THE SOPHOMORE'S LAMENT

Three Sophomores trod the old State Road

All silently they walked.

Nor smiled, nor sang, nor cracked a joke

They had not even talked.

The day was Monday—blue and damp;

A gloomy bunch were they

They neither talked nor joked nor grinned

Nor passed the time of day.

"'Tis hard," cried pretty Annabelle,

"You bet it is," said Lu.

"It's hard to what?" quoth Gwendolyn

"Let me in on this, too."

When Annabelle and pretty Lu

They both heaved mournful sighs

And tear drops large and salty rolled

From out their sad young eyes.

"You cannot guess, you cannot know,"

Went on plump Annabelle,

"What troubles come to us poor Sophs,

The men do try us so."

"We both did want the same dear lad

We both did want him sore;

The question was, which one of us

Did wish for him the more.

We thought we would draw lots and see—

No sooner said than done—

We did draw lots—oh joy! oh bliss!

My heart did faster run.

I sent a letter to my man

This answer to me came

"I cannot come—I'm sorry, dear—

You know—the football game."

Oh football games, why will ye be?

To break fair maiden's hearts

You squelch our hopes and turn

aside

Coy Cupid's golden darts.

M. P. T. '22

WANTED A LETTER

I want a letter,
Please! just one!!
Nothing better
Under the sun.

Put—it MUST
Begin at the top
By saying, "Yes,
I'll come to the Hop."

E. M. P. '22

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS

Scene I. Time—Two weeks before the Hop

Helen: (rushing into May's room in great excitement) "My dear! isn't it perfectly glorious to think we are to have two whole nights for the Hop—our Hop. May, think of it. Well, I wrote a note to Bill during French this mornng. I can't understand a word of French in that class, so I thought I might as well invite Bill, while I had the time. I'm sure he'll accept. Of course, there is a slight chance that he won't. New York is quite a ways from here. But if he does—Oh! joy—oh! bliss—a straight program for me.

May: "Why Helen, I thought you asked your brother Ed, the good looking one, you know. You did ask him and now—Why, I don't understand what—"

Helen: "Oh! silly goose! I only asked Ed because he asked me to the Dartmouth Prom, last summer, and I thought it would be only decent for me to ask him to our Hop. I know he won't be able to come. He's used up all his cuts for the semester, so there isn't the least chance in the world that he'll arrive."

May: "I've invited Walter, Helen. He's captain of the Yale football team this year and a marvelous dancer. Simply divine. By the way, suppose Bill can't come—"

Helen: "Heavens! don't mention such a thing."

May: "Yes, but its always best to be prepared for the worst. If you don't expect Ed and Bill couldn't get away, you'd be left without a man for the dance."

Helen: "Oh! I have an idea. I'll write a sweet little note to George. He's an old friend of the family and Mother has been insisting that I ask him up here. He's quite nice, that is, to anyone, who hasn't been brought up with him as I have. He's terribly busy in Washington—some government job. He'll never be able to tear himself away, but I can ask him—it would please the poor man loads. If he accepts and Bill comes too, I'll have to give him to someone else, I certainly wouldn't go with George, if Bill was here."

May: "Oh! If he turns up, give him to Dot! She never can get a man, and she's dying to go. She'd take him the last minute if she had the chance."

Helen: "That's a good hunch. Well, bye bye, May. Save me a couple of dances. I'm off to write to Georgie dear."

Scene II. Time one week later

Helen (returning from the post-office, meets May and hugs her vociferously) "May dear, I just got an acceptance from Bill. He's coming! I'm so excited! He's tickled to death. Isn't it wonderful? I'm too happy to live. I haven't seen him for six months. Oh! I'm so glad to be alive."

May: "That's certainly dandy. I'm terribly glad. You are sure Ed and George won't come now?"

Helen: "Goodness! No, Ed never answers until the last minute. He'll call up the day of the Hop and say he can't come. I'm positive George didn't get the letter, he'd have answered before this. He hates to write letters to girls, and he'd never bother leaving his precious government job for a dance!"

Scene III. The Day of the Hop
May (waving a telegram) calls "Helen. Helen."

Helen: "Yes. May, a telegram! I know it's from Bill. Oh! I have a feeling he can't come. You read it. May, I can't. Oh! dear—I'm petrified."

May (reading telegram slowly) "Sor—"

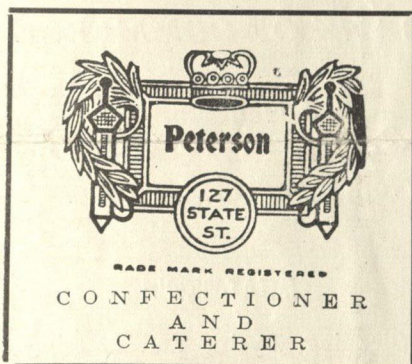
ry couldn't answer letter before. Have been very busy. Accept invitation: Many thanks. Arriving Saturday 5.15 train in afternoon. George."

Helen (faintly) "My smelling salts! Ye gods and little fishes. How could he come—isn't that just my luck? Well, I'll have to give him to Dot. But I don't see why he had to take this time to accept."

May: "Oh! Helen, I'm so sorry, I forgot to tell you Dot's going with her cousin or someone like that. There's the phone."

Helen (wringing her hands) "I just know something will happen. Perhaps it's George, or a telegram from him saying he can't come after all. I'm so scared." (Goes to 'phone.) "Hello—yes—hello! Who? Oh! Hello, Ed. I suppose you can't come—too bad. You what? You are—why—Ed listen—Hello—hello—!" (Flings herself in a chair.) "Ed's coming. Central cut me off just as I was going to tell him I had the mumps or chicken pox. Three men, all at once, and on the day of the Hop, too. Well, I'll just have to go to bed. You can say I have a tooth-ache or a bad head-ache or some ache. Tell Ed and George I won't be up for a few days but I must see Bill. Tell him I'll be up to-morrow and don't let him go back without my seeing him. Such an awful thing—three men. I can't see why two of them couldn't have refused. Well, it never rains but it pours."

M. C. S. '22



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View Points

Masculine Mental Musings

Wonder if there's a place a guy change a collar in.

Wonder what I'll draw next?

Much energy gone wrong.

Oh for the good old days!

On Clothes

On Dances

On Music

On Food

Feminine Frivolous Flippancies

Suppose I must wear that old rag again—

How many shall I keep with HIM?

Much pep—Much thrill.

Is this what I paid \$3.50 for?

ECHOES FROM
PLANT HOUSE

"Lovey, hey, Lovey. Anybody know where Lovey is?"

"Oh, Lovey, who rang my enuciator? Oh don't tell me it was just a call to a meeting."

"Ah done know. I'se not anserin'

bells. Go to Trina."

"Trina, who called, was it a MAN? Honest? Did he sound old or young, thin or fat? My uncle! O perish the thought!"

"Didn't his voice sound chesty and didn't he ask for Miss Cawpentaw? Yes! O joy! that's George. He is from the South you know. Hoorah! girls, me man's come."

A. B. '20



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With all their fame,
Have returned to C. C.,
To amuse us again.

G. A. T.

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TIS THE HOP

Long before the time appointed,
Can you hear with understanding,
Each and everyone demanding,
Oh, a letter!
'Tis the Hop!

Fast she holds the craved epistle,
Hopes and fears beyond suggestion
'Tis to solve the vital question
For she's asked him
To the Hop!

A silence breathless, tense with feeling,
Then a shriek, great joy revealing,
Swiftly o'er the campus pealing
Tells he's coming
To the Hop!

C. A. H. '22

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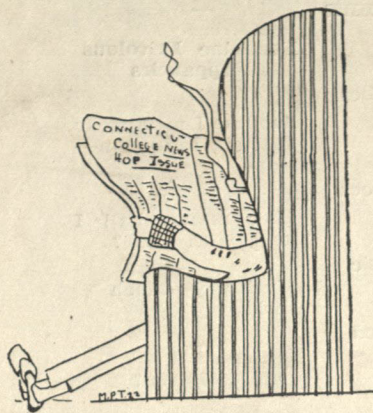
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WHY ARE YOU CRYING

"Why are you crying my pretty dear?"
"Cause I can't go to the 'Hop' I fear."
"And pray why not?" I asked her then
"Because this town's run short of men"
"But where are your beaux from home?" I exclaim;
"Why, they've all gone to the Cambridge game!"

G. A. T. '22

"Say, Jack, where'd you get the new girl?"
"That's not a new one, that's just the old one repainted."
—Princeton Tiger.

NO CHANCE FOR POSING

"You seem to be very fond of jazz music."
"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "You don't have to put on formal attire when you listen to it; nobody asks you who wrote it, and you don't have to pretend you understand it."
—Washington Star.

Did you ever?
No I never!
See a Soph?
Soph who?
Sophomore.
More what?
More true
To the Blue
Than 22?
No! Never!

A. G. H. '20

Accepted

The invitation—
"Mrs. Brown requests the pleasure of Captain White's company at dinner on Wednesday evening."
The reply—

"With the exception of the men who have other engagements, Captain White's Company will come with pleasure."
—Widow

TIMELY ADVICE

O ye who are Seniors and ye who are Sophs—
I have for you timely advice,
On what is quite proper and what is quite right,
On what is not naughty but nice:—
At the Hop, the talked of
Much thought of Soph. Hop.

Your college indeed is the nicest on earth,
But don't do the brag stuff too much—
Give your partner a chance to have h's meek say,
Be it politics, war talk or such:—
At the Hop, the coming,
Long heralded Hop.

Don't suffer the tortures of crimpets and tongs,
For a coiffure of charming aspect,
If that night a stiff neck you needs must endure
To get the desired effect:—
At the Hop—that classy,
That stylish Soph. Hop.

When fixing your costume don't say "I'll use pins
And my rig will be ready to wear!"
For pins are vindictive and barbarous things,
Conducive to making men swear:—
At a Hop—especially
This Sophomore Hop.

Because it is thought that white hands are the style,
And wrists of a marble hue,
Don't keep your hands gracefully up in the air,
And pose by the minute or two:—
At the Hop—that dignified,
Stately Soph. Hop.

Be sparing of pouts, don't waste all your smiles,
Conserve all those zephyrous sighs;
As glances may kill, just suppress all you can,
As well as the darts from those eyes:
At the Hop—that worrisome,
Awful Soph. Hop.

Oh, "don'ts" they are many, and "do's" they are few,
For you as well as the man,
But now that you've read them, just cast them aside,
And have the best time that you can:—

At the Hop—that dreamt of,
Much prayed for Soph Hop.

E. T. '23.

If you can mope with a mop,
Or cope with a cop,
Then you can make "Pop" a Pope,
And HOP with a hope!

TELEPHONE 193

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